

THE DRAMA, OR, Theatrical POCKET MAGAZINE, FOR DECEMBER, 1824.

"The play, the play's the thing."—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

Mr. YATES.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

French Dramatic Review of 1823. Two hundred and nine new pieces compose this budget; and be it observed that the *Panorama Dramatique*, which used to furnish its fair share, suddenly closed in the month of July. It is true that a great number of these productions are already laid on the shelf. Of 360 living dramatic authors (including the contingent of the department) whom France has had the happiness to possess, the works of 161 were represented at Paris in 1823; only 151 enjoyed that benefit in the preceding year, and 129 in 1821. It appears, therefore, that in time there will be enough of them for the whole world.

Of the 209 novelties 36 were performed by the *Indéfatigables* of the Gymnase; the Vandeville had 33; the Variétés stopped at 24. Thou sleepest, Brunet!

The mania for *arrangemens* has diminished this year. In 1822, among the pieces called novelties, about forty *arrangés* might be reckoned. The imagination of our authors has been much less idle in 1823.

Seven tragedies and sixteen comedies, of which only three were in five acts, have appeared in our two Théâtres-Français. To make amends we have seen 163 vaudevilles hatched in these 365 days, that is, almost half a one every evening; leaving altogether out of the question the Spectacle of M. Comte, M. Séveste's theatres, &c.

The most brilliant success, in the high class, has been that of l'Ecole des Vieillards, Pierre de Portugal, la Neige, les Deux Cousines, and the ballet of Cendrillon; at the secondary theatres, Julien, l'Intérieur d'un Bureau, l'Heritiere, les Cuisinières, les Grisette, Polichinelle, Vampire, la Fausse Clé, and l'Auberge des Adrets.

The most striking failures have been those of l'Homme aux Scruples, l'Intrigue au Chateau, la Fille du Commissaire, M. Raymond, le Major, la Folie des Alpes, and Adélit.

M. Scribe's fertility has increased this year. In 1822, 16 of his pieces were performed, and 17 in 1821. This year he has produced 18 works, one in four acts; and only one (le Bourgeois de la rue Saint Denis) has failed. M. Carmouche, to whom belongs the *accessit*, is not much behind hand. He has produced no less than 17 vaudevilles in the course of the year. By M. Armand-Durieu there have been only 13: by M. Francis, 10; by Messrs. Frédéric de Courcy and Brazier, nine each; Messrs. Desangiers, Mélesville, Henri Dupin, and Théaulon, have reached only to their eighth: We do not reckon the Prussian operas of the last



THE DRAMA;

OR,

Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. III.

DECEMBER, 1824.

VOL. VII.

MR. YATES.

"In scenes where humour, mirth, and repartee,
Replement shine, gay, witty, frank, and free;
Boldly upholding gay *Thalia's* cause,
Yates forward stands to gain the loud applause;
To claim the vict'ry, and to wear the crown
Won, fairly won, by merit all his own.
But when, deserting his appropriate stand,
A renegade he joins the tragic band.—
How dark a cloud is o'er his talents thrown,
The spark of merit quench'd, and genius gone."

"THE THESPiANS," A POEM.

FREDERICK YATES was born in London in the year 1793. His father was formerly a tobacconist of some influence in Aldersgate Street, and our hero is the youngest of several sons. He received the rudiments of learning at a private academy in the metropolis, under

No. 50.

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the care of a gentleman who confined his attention to a small number of pupils; but, some reverses in the circumstances of his father, occasioned his removal from the academy, and his being placed at a less expensive establishment, viz. the Charter House. Here his studies were terminated; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a situation in the Commissariat, and was present with the army in Flanders during the memorable campaign of 1815. On the return of peace, a reduction of course took place in the department of the service to which he was attached; and from this period, we believe, he began to direct his thoughts towards the stage as a profession; though we are utterly uninformed of his proceedings till he made his first formal attempt as an actor at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 16th of January, 1818, in *Iago*, to the *Othello* of COOPER. He was described in the bills as "a Young Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage," but the concluding part of this announcement we look upon as somewhat apocryphal. On the 19th January he played *Laertes*, to COOPER's *Hamlet*; and on the 27th *Jaffier*, to that gentleman's *Pierre*; being then no longer styled "a young gentleman," but Mr. YATES. At this period MATTHEWS entered into an engagement to perform a few nights at Newcastle; and on the 2nd of February he appeared in *Multiple* and *Buskin*, YATES playing *Velinepeck* and *Apollo Belvi*. On the 9th (the benefit night of Mrs. RENAUD) he played *Sheepface* to MATTHEWS' *Scout*, *Fustian* to his *Daggerwood*, and joined him in imitations of various London performers: MATTHEWS taking one portion of the dialogue, and YATES the other. In this manner they gave KEMBLE and YOUNG, as *Brutus* and *Cassius*; KEAN and EMERY, as *Hamlet* and *Grave-digger*; COOKE and BETTY, as *Glenalvon* and *Norval*, &c. This was his last appearance at Newcastle, which town he quitted for Edinburgh, where he made his *début* on the 16th February, as *Helgert*, in a tragedy called "*The Appeal*." The play was, however, but coolly received. He next played *Shylock*, and "gained golden opinions from all sorts of

people;" though this probably was more owing to adventurous circumstances, than to the merits of his acting. (1)

On November 7th, 1818, YATES made a trial of his powers upon the London boards as *Iago*. He was favourably received; but we need scarcely assure those who have witnessed his subsequent efforts in the metropolis, that his performance of the character was below mediocrity; nevertheless, the newspapers, with their customary disregard of honesty, spoke of it as an admirable piece of acting. The bills of the following morning announced, that he was compelled to return to Edinburgh to terminate his engagement there; but would shortly "have the honour of again appearing before the liberal tribunal of a London audience." He resumed his performances at Edinburgh on the 4th December, 1818, as *Richard III.*; and having played there for the period stipulated, again appeared in London in May, 1819, as *Gloster*, in "*Jane Shore*." His next character was that of *Berthold*, in MATURIN's brilliant poem of "*Fredolfo*"; but finding that his tragic exertions were not likely to render him a favourite with the audience, he shortly after brought into play his powers of comedy, which gained for him that applause which had not been conceded to him as a performer of the legitimate drama; and we must confess, that we think but little of his serious attempts. His *Gloster*, in "*Jane Shore*," was but an inefficient assumption of that character, and evidently after the manner of KEAN. The style of this eminent tragedian was still more closely copied

(1) The following extract from a letter dated Edinburgh, April, 1818, may serve to throw some light upon the subject:

"YATES is a surprising favourite here. His letters of introduction to the first families in *Auld Reekie* have greatly aided him in his professional career. From good authority I hear that his appearance at Newcastle was not his first on any stage. He was with MATTHEWS during the latter's continental excursion; and it was through his means that he gained so many introductory letters to the gentry of this place."

in his performance of *Berthold*, nor can his *Iago* be ranked as an original or vigorous conception of the character. His *Shylock* is but respectable, and, compared with the vigorous portraiture of KEAN, is but a faintly shadowed outline. That he will never rise to any eminence in the tragic business of the stage we think is undeniable: he appears to excel in dry humour and sarcasm, and will therefore, we think, do well to avoid the impassioned and pathetic.

That MR. YATES has unquestionably very great talents for the occupation he has chosen, cannot be denied; and here we must observe, that those talents will be found most effective in comedy. And this idea we ground upon an attentive consideration of his various performances, but particularly upon that of *Casca*, in "Julius Caesar." In it he displayed the strongest turn for dry humour and ludicrous sarcasm, and gave an importance to the part far beyond any thing it ever attained to in the hands of others we have seen attempt it. To argue his excellence in comedy from his acting in tragedy, after what we have already observed, may seem to be somewhat of an incongruity; but the character of *Casca* has nothing tragic about it, and the ideas his performance of it awakened in our minds, have been strongly strengthened by subsequent observation.

Of his ability as a mimic (for "like a French falconer he flies at all he meets") it is scarcely worth while to speak, as he seems to have seen the error of trifling with his powers, and frittering away his time in giving ephemeral popularity to trumpery interludes, in which the most able acting can procure for a performer no solid or lasting fame. A man by so doing may become passable in every thing—great in nothing. We are glad to find that he now appears steadily and vigorously to apply his attention to one great object (and for which his powers are more peculiarly fitted), thereby laying the foundation of a permanent and honourable renown. MR. YATES we believe to be a man of acute sense, and we need not, therefore, point out to him, that ought the loudest applause has attended his mimical

shorts in "Cozening," &c. no lasting reputation can be founded upon such an unstable foundation. People have been nauseated with these imitative displays, and since they have been presented at every theatre they have become intolerably tiresome. "We hate e'en MATTHEWS thus at second hand." Mimicry has had its day, and we sincerely hope we shall never be crammed so incessantly again, with "soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again," and we believe that in this prayer we shall be generally supported by the play-going class of the community.

MR. YATES has been lately married to that delightful actress, Miss BRUNTON, to whom, we are informed, some four or five years ago he made "an unsuccessful tender of his affections." But what cannot love and unceasing arduity accomplish?

ON ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

I have made the following extracts from ROSCOE's Translation of SISMONDI's "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," respecting the Origin of the Mysteries, or the Romantic Drama, which first arose in France, and served as a model for the dramatic representations both of France and England, in the hope that they will prove as interesting to the readers of your magazine as to—Yours,

W. P.

The French justly claim the merit of being the first discoverers of a form of composition, which has given such a lively character to the works of the imagination. They define poetry and the fine arts, by calling them *imitative arts*, whilst other nations consider them as the *expression* of the sentiments of the heart. The object of

the French authors, in their tales, their romances, and their *sablieaux*, is to present a faithful picture of the characters of others, and not to develop their own. They were the first, at a period when the ancient drama was entirely forgotten, to represent, in a dramatic form, the great events which accompanied the establishment of the Christian religion; the mysteries the belief of which was inculcated, as a part of that system, or the incidents of domestic life, to excite the spectators to laughter, after the more serious representations. The same talent which enabled them to versify a long history in the heroic style, or to relate a humorous anecdote with the spirit of a jester, prompted them to adopt, in their dramas, similar subjects and a similar kind of versification. They left to those who had to recite these dialogues, the care of delivering them with an air of truth, and of accompanying them with the deception of scenic decoration.

The first who awakened the attention of the people to compositions, in which many characters were introduced, were the pilgrims who returned from the Holy Land. They thus displayed to the eyes of their countrymen all which they had themselves beheld, and with which every one was desirous of being acquainted. It is believed, that it was in the twelfth, or at all events, in the thirteenth century, that these dramatic representations were first exhibited in the open streets. It was not, however, until the conclusion of the fourteenth century, that a company of pilgrims, who, by the representation of a brilliant spectacle, had assisted at the solemnization of the nuptials between CHARLES VI. and ISABELLA of Bavaria, formed an establishment at Paris, and undertook to amuse the public by regular dramatic entertainments. They were denominated "The Fraternity of the Passion;" from the Passion of our Saviour being one of their most celebrated representations.

This mystery, the most ancient dramatic work of modern Europe, comprehends the whole history of our Lord from his baptism to his death. The piece was too long to be represented without interruption. It was, therefore, continued from day to day; and the whole

mystery was divided into a certain number of *journées*, each of which included the labours or the representation of one day. This name of *journée*, which was abandoned in France, when the mysteries became obsolete, has retained its place in the Spanish language, although its origin is forgotten. Eighty-seven characters, successively appear in the mystery of the Passion, amongst whom we find the three persons of the Trinity, six angels or archangels, the twelve Apostles, six devils, *Herod* and his whole court, and a host of personages, the invention of the poet's brain. Extravagant machinery seems to have been employed, to give to the representation all the pomp which we find in the operas of the present day. Many of the scenes appear to have been recited to music, and we likewise meet with choruses. The intermingled verses indicate a very perfect acquaintance with the harmony of the language. Some of the characters are well drawn, and the scenes occasionally display a considerable degree of grandeur, energy, and tragic power. Although the language sometimes becomes very prosaic and heavy, and some most absurd scenes are introduced, yet we cannot fail to recognize the very high talents which must have been employed in the conception of this terrible drama, which not only surpassed its models, but, by placing before the eyes of a Christian assembly all those incidents for which they felt the highest veneration, must have affected them much more powerfully than even the finest tragedies can do at the present day.

A few lines and quotations cannot give a clear idea of a work which, when printed in double columns, fills a large folio volume, and exceeds, in length, the united labours of our tragic authors. Still, as it is our object to enable the reader to judge for himself, and as we shall have occasion to present him with extracts from compositions no less barbarous in the earlier stage of the Spanish drama, and which are merely imitations of the French Mystery, it will be well to introduce, at least, some verses from this astonishing production, and to give an idea of the various styles, both tragic and comic, of the author. The clearness of the language, which

is much more intelligible than that of the lyrical poem of the same period, immediately strikes us. Those poem attributed, not only more simplicity, but also more pomp to the antique phraseology. But this stately style of expression was excluded from poetry which was intended to become popular. The grandeur of the ideas and of the language of "The Mystery of the Passion," might be thought, in some instances, to belong to a more cultivated age. Thus, in the council of the Jews, in which many of the Pharisees deliver their opinions at considerable length, *Mordecat* expresses himself in the following terms:

When the **MESIAH** shall command,
We trust that, with a mighty hand,
In tranquil union, he shall rule the land;
His head shall with a diadem be crowned,
Glory and wealth shall in his house abound;
In justice shall he sway it, and in peace;
And should the strong oppress or rob the poor,
Or tyrant turn the vassal from his door,
When **CHRIST** returns, these evils all shall cease.

Saint John enters into a long discourse, and we can only account for the patience with which our forefathers listened to these tedious harangues, by supposing that their fatigue was considered by them to be an acceptable offering to the Deity; and that they were persuaded, that every thing which did not move them to laughter or tears, was put down to the account of their edification. The following scene in dialogue, in which *Saint John* undergoes an interrogation, displays considerable ability:

Abyas. Though fallen be man's sinful line,
Holy Prophet! it is writ,
CHRIST shall come to ransom it,
And by doctrine, and by sign,
Bring them to his grace divine.
Wherefore, seeing now the force
Of thy high deeds, thy grave discourse,
And virtues shewn of great esteem,
That thou art he, we surely deem.

Saint John. I am not **MESSIAH**!—No! At the feet of **CHRIST** I bow.

Elyachim. Why, then, wildly wanderest thou Naked, in this wilderness? Say! what faith dost thou profess?

And to whom thy service paid?

Baunduyas. Thou assemblest, it is said, In these lonely woods, a crowd To hear thy voice proclaiming loud, Like that of our most holy men. Art thou a king in Israel, then? Know'st thou the laws and prophecies? What art thou? say!

Nathan. Thou dost advise, **MESSIAH** is come down below! Hast seen him? say, how dost thou know?

Or art thou he?

Saint John. I answer, No!

Nachor. Who art thou? Art **ELIAS**, then?

Perhaps, **ELIAS**.

Saint John.

No!—

Baunduyas.

Again!

Who art thou? what thy name? express!

For never surely shall we guess.

Thou art the Prophet!

Saint John.

I am not.

Elyachim. Who and what art thou? Tell us what!

That true answer we may bear.

To our lords, who sent us here.

To learn thy name and mission.

Saint John.

Ego

Vox clamantis in deserto.

A voice, a solitary cry

In the desert paths am I!

Smooth the paths, and make them meet,

For the great Redeemer's feet;

Him, who brought by our misdoing,

Comes for this foul world's renewing.

The result of this scene is the conversion of the persons to whom *Saint John* addresses himself. They

eagerly demand to be baptised, and the ceremony is followed by the baptism of JESUS himself. But the versification is not so remarkable as the stage directions, which transport us to the very period of these gothic representations.

Here JESUS enters the waters of Jordan, all naked, and Saint John takes some of the water in his hand and throws it on the head of JESUS.

*Saint John. Sir, you now baptized are,
As it suits my simple skill,
Not the lofty rank you fill;
Unmeet for such great service I;
Yet my God, so debonair,
All that's wanting will supply.*

Here JESUS comes out of the river Jordan, and throws himself on his knees, all naked, before Paradis. Then God the Father speaks, and the HOLY GHOST descends, in the form of a white dove, upon the head of JESUS, and then returns into Paradise:—and note that the words of God the Father be very audibly pronounced, and well sounded, in three voices; that is to say, a treble, a counter-treble, and a counter-bass, all in tune; and in this way must the following lines be repeated:

*Hic est filius meus dilectus,
In quo mihi bene complacui.
C'estui-ci est mon fils aimé JESUS,
Que bien me plaist, ma plaisirance est en lui.*

As this mystery was not only the model of subsequent tragedies, but of comedies likewise, we must extract a few verses from the dialogues of the devils, who fill all the comic parts of the drama. The eagerness of these personages to maltreat one another, or, as the original expresses it, à se torchonner (to give one another a wipe), always produced much laughter in the assembly.

*Berith. Who is he I cannot tell—
That JESUS; but I know full well—*

That in all the worlds that be,
There is not such a one as he.
Who it is that gave him birth
I know not, nor from whence on earth
He came, or what great devil taught him,
But in no evil have I caught him;
Nor know I any vice he hath.

Satan. HARO ! but you make me wrath,
When such dismal news I hear.

Berith. Wherefore so?

Satan. Because I fear
He will make my kingdom less.
Leave him in the wilderness,
And let us return to hell
To LUCIFER our tale to tell,
And to ask his sound advice.

Berith. The imps are ready in a trice;
Better escort cannot be.

Lucifer. It is SATAN that I see,
And BERITH coming in a passion.

Astaroth. Master, let me lay the lash on:
Here's the thing to do the deed.

Lucifer. Please to moderate your speed,
To lash behind and lash before ye,
Ere you hear them tell their story,
Whether shame they bring, or glory.

As soon as the devils have given an account to their sovereign, of their observations and their vain efforts to tempt JESUS, ASTAROTH throws himself upon them with his imps, and lashes them back to earth from the infernal regions.

The example which was set by the author of the "Mystery of the Passion," was soon followed by a crowd of imitators, whose names for the most part have been lost. "The Mystery of the Conception," and "The Nativity of our Lord," and of "The Resurrection," are amongst the most ancient of these. The legends of the saints were, in their turn, dramatized and prepared for the theatre; and, in short, the whole of the Old Testament was brought upon the stage. In the same

mystery, the characters were often introduced at various stages of life, as infants, youths, and old men, represented by different actors; and in the margin of some of the mysteries we find, *here enter the second, or the third, Israel or Jacob.* When the mystery was founded on historical facts not generally known, the poets exercised their own invention more freely, and did not hesitate to mingle comic scenes in very serious places. Thus, when they exhibited the saints triumphing over temptation, and their contempt for the allurements of the flesh, they often introduced language and scenes quite at variance with the serious nature of these sacred dramas.

(To be Continued.)

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

MR. QUICK.

There is now living at Islington, in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, the last remaining member of the glorious school of GARRICK, that inimitable comedian Mr. QUICK. Though past eighty, he has all the life, and much of the activity, of youth; his countenance retains that rich expression of comic humour, and his figure, that erect turkey-cock air, which rendered him irresistible in *Isaac Mendoza*, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Little Quin*, and shook the sides of our grandfather forty years ago. He is a most cheerful, intelligent, and facetious companion, the faithful chronicler of the old and better times of the drama, before tragedy had degenerated into bombast and pantomime, and comedy into mere face-making and buffoonery. His stories are of the first order, and so is his manner of telling them, and I had rather listen to his droll anecdotes of GARRICK, FOOTE, WESTON, NED SHUTER, and others of his contemporaries, than to the concentrated wit and humour, of twenty of our modern faces.—So great a favourite was he of King GEORGE III., that his Majesty used to

call him "*his Actor*," as CHARLES II. did the celebrated ANTONY LEIGH, of merry memory,—and upon all occasions, when the late King visited Covent Garden Theatre, my little friend's queer voice, and *vis comica*, were indispensably necessary for the relaxation of the royal muscles. For many years did QUICK and EDWIN keep up the ball of comicality on the boards of Covent Garden; they were the never-failing resources of the admirable O'KEEFE—*Darby and Quin*—*Pedrillo and Spado*, and so on, to the end of the chapter. I have heard QUICK speak in raptures of his contemporary EDWIN—whose powers of drollery even SHUTER never surpassed—as a burletta singer he was never equalled, and probably never will be. MUNDEN, who succeeded him, declared to me, that he was the finest actor, in certain characters, that he ever beheld.—“His *Lingo* and *Darby*,” said the veteran, “were most capital—but his *Tipple*, in the ‘*Flitch of Bacon*,’ was damn'd fine! it was so clean, that you couldn't put down a pin!” The successor of EDWIN has himself retired, and who shall succeed him!—QUICK was the original *Tony Lumpkin*, and had very nearly been the original *Old Dornton*, in the “*Road to Ruin*”—MUNDEN being cast for *Silky*; exchange of characters, however, took place, after a few rehearsals—fortunately for the fame of both: and the comedy was played (the great LEWIS being *Gold-jack*?) in a manner it can never be played again. I consider the celebrated DOGGET to have been just such a comic-looking personage as Mr. QUICK—take the following description of him, from a rare tract by ANTHONY (niglo TONY) ASTON—his contemporary:—“Mr. DOGGET was a little, lively, sprat man, his behaviour modest, cheerful, and complaisant; he sung in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He was the most faithful, pleasant actor that ever was, for he never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly into involuntary acclamations and laughter.” Mr. QUICK is a great *walker*, to which wholesome exercise, and certain potations of punch (of which I speak anon), he attributes his long and uninterrupted

state of health—indeed, to adopt an old pun, my little friend was never in the habit of lying *long* in bed, and I am really ashamed, on opening my window on a summer's morning, to see this theatrical evergreen, who is nearly fifty years my senior, parading the opposite terrace for the twenty-fifth time, to give him an appetite for breakfast! In the village of Islington, there are two houses of convivial resort, (one of which Mr. Quick has christened the *upper*, and the other, the *lower* house, from their locality) of which he is a *speaker*, with this difference, that the solemn gentleman with the long wig at St. Stephen's, is *audanter*, and the comic gentleman with the brown wig, at the King's Head, is *loquiter*; here he enjoys his moderate libations, and enlivens the festive circle with harmless merriment and social glee. His glass, seldom or never more than twice replenished, he covers with a piece of white paper, to prevent the intrusion of smoke, and before the clock strikes ten, he invariably departs. Forty years ago, it was prophesied by the doctors, that if he drank punch it would be the death of him; he disregarded the prophecy, and is still hale and hearty. About fifteen years since, I saw him play his famous character of *Isaac Mendoza* at the Lyceum Theatre, which he performed for six nights. I have never seen an *Isaac Mendoza* since, and never expect to see one again. Poor little *SIMMONS* in *Beau Mordecai*, and *Mr. Moses*, reminded me most of his manner.—The two latter characters have never found an adequate representative since the death of that excellent actor, who had all the tact and quiet humour of the Old School. Mr. **QUICK** is a regular attendant at his parish church; and it was an affecting sight to see him walk reverently to his pew, upon a late melancholy occasion, (the funeral of our lamented Rector, Doctor **STRACHAN**, the friend and executor of **JOHNSON**,) with his eyes suffused in tears! for **QUICK**, who in more instances than one, reminds me of my Uncle **Toby**, is apt to be visited with these softer feelings of our nature, which modern philosophers and philanthropists affect to despise. Long may he continue to enliven the friends who admire his talents, and esteem his worth! Long

may he enjoy the “*otium cum dignitate*,” the reward of his brilliant professional career! The school of GARRICK will expire with him—and having lost PARSONS, MOODY, KING, and SMITH, we may add, in the language of one, who wrote “*for all time*” “*the greatest is behind*.”

DANGLE, JUN.

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XV.

THE GRECIAN HEROES, IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPSIANTI, *commander of the Greeks*.—**ODYSSEUS**, *another Grecian leader*.—**AMURATH**, *commander of the Turks*.—**OSMAN**.—**ISMENA**, *wife of IPSIANTI*.—**IRENE**, *wife of AMURATH*.
(Scene lies in Thessaly.)

ACT I.

SCENE.—The Tent of AMURATH.

Enter AMURATH (in great agitation).

Gracious ALLA! why dost thou thus afflict thy faithful people? day follows day, only to add fresh triumphs to the rebellious Greeks, and increase our despair. Our superior numbers serve only to render the enemies' victories more conspicuous and our shame more galling. Holy Prophet! shall thy throne totter under the efforts of a band of slaves? Christian dogs! who dare revile thy sacred name. Is the crescent about to fall before the cross, and be eclipsed for ever? Oh! that I could collect on one vast plain each miscreant Greek, and from the

Olympian heights hurl the thunder of omnipotence, and extinguish the cursed race for ever!

Enter IRENE.

Irene. What is't that thus disturbs my gracious lord?

Amu. And canst thou ask that question? Go ask the slave, who terminates a life of guilt upon the rack, why trembles every limb, why groan follows groan, and shriek succeed to shriek? Can I be aught but moved, when I behold the fairest portion of our glorious empire torn from our rightful grasp, to be possessed by Christian dogs?

Irene. ALLA forbid that that should ever happen. If I mistake not, as from an eminence I viewed the country round, I did perceive a messenger hastening hither with furious speed. I cannot think but he brings joyous tidings—(a shout) and hark, that shout proves I am not mistaken.

Enter OSMAN, who kneels and presents a packet to AMURATH.

Osman. Happy news, my lord, from SELIM.

Amu. (*Opens the packet.*) "Surprised the Grecian camp—five thousand slaughtered—ODYSSEUS fled with only a few followers."—Prophet, I thank thee. (*to OSMAN*) Has ODYSSEUS escaped then—whither has he fled?

Osman. 'Tis said to join IPSILANTI.

Amu. IPSILANTI! while he remains our victories will avail us nought. 'Tis he whose energies alone support the Grecian cause; could he but be removed—(*to OSMAN*) Retire. (*OSMAN bows and exit.*)

Irene. You feel not these good tidings, my lord!

Amu. Some more decisive blow must yet be struck. The Sultan is dissatisfied with my conduct, and accuses me of supineness and delay. I have enemies too at court, who fail not to increase his discontent, and hint that I am treacherous. Could IPSILANTI but be seized or killed before the Greeks recover from the alarm which their late defeat will doubtlessly excite, the cause of Greece is lost for ever.

Irene. Killed, my lord, what mean you?

Amu. I would have the Christian slave suddenly removed: his death alone can raise our failing cause.

Irene. What! my lord! would'st thou basely employ the assassin's steel against the noble IPSILANTI, who lately sent unransomed to your camp his female prisoners.

Amu. Ha! dost thou praise the rebel to my face?—art thou too leagued against thy country's safety?

Irene. I'm fearful for my country's honour (*with dismay*). My lord! my lord! be sure our cause will never prosper if such base means should be employed: let SELIM join his troops with yours—then take the field. Our late success may be the herald of greater conquests.

Amu. I dare not hazard another battle while IPSILANTI commands; there's something so terrific in his glance that, where'er he comes, our troops instinctive fly.—In the last battle that we fought, with a chosen few, the sturdy rebel withstood a host; thrice we attacked his little band, and thrice we were repelled—at length, waving in the air his croissard banner, the Christian slave rushed upon us with his shouting band, and bore down all before him. In vain did I attempt to rally our panic-struck soldiers; they fled like timid sheep before the wolf.—IPSILANTI or I must fall; the Sultan's favour can be propitiated only by IPSILANTI's death (*draws*). Gracious Prophet, assist my purpose (*attempting to rush off*).

Irene. Stay, stay, my lord! whither would your maddening rage lead you? are you going to rush into the very jaws of death?

Amu. I had forgot myself—I must assume some disguise.

Irene. If IPSILANTI must perish—must die thus basely, you must not give the blow; your absence from the camp would soon be discovered, and who can tell what danger might ensue.

Amu. Who can I trust?

Irene. (*After some hesitation*) I—I will undertake the dreadful task.

Amu. You!

Irene. Yes, I, my lord! since your death and my

country's fate depend on the alternative. Should I be discovered ere I strike the blow, my sex will protect me from their vengeance, and I may yet live for AMURATH (*tenderly*).

Amu. Noblest of thy sex, thou wilt render the greatest monarch upon earth thy eternal debtor.—Come, let us haste and concert our plan. (*Irene hesitates.*) Ha! does thy resolution fail? my doom then is fixed—recalled by the Sultan's mandate, you may glut your eyes by viewing my headless corpse—you will then enjoy your purity of conscience, and rejoice at the effects of your noble conduct, your—

Irene. No more. I will do all that you can require—let us lose not a moment (*Exeunt*).

SCENE—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter IPSILANTI.

Ip. Unhappy Greece! how long wilt thou be a prey to intestine warfare?—how long will thy fair fields be drenched with the blood of thy countrymen? O! when will peace and her smiling train expel war and desolation from this once happy and favoured land? What, shall a country, which a few ages back could boast of a glorious constellation of heroes and philosophers—shall the birth-place of PLATO and SOCRATES, of THEMISTOCLES and LEONIDAS, submit to the tyrannic sway of barbarous Moslems, the enemies of our faith and the despisers of learning—shall the descendants of those heroic men who at Marathon, Platea, and Salamis, o'erthrew the mighty hordes of Asia, and forced them with their tyrant to a shameful flight—shall the descendants of these men bow their servile necks to a degrading yoke, and own the feeble race of MAHOMET for their masters? Too long have they tamely submitted—too long have they groaned in slavery. The flame of liberty is at length kindled, and Heaven grant it may burn so fiercely as to blast, and destroy the oppressors of this land—(*a shout*) what means that shout?

(Enter ODYSSEUS, in a hurried manner, pallid and wounded.

Ip. (Runs to meet him with outstretched arms.) ODYSSEUS! my noble friend! ha! you are wounded, and cannot return my welcome. By what new triumph have you increased your already matchless fame? how many of our poor countrymen have you released from torture and confinement? Forgive me, noble ODYSSEUS, if my solicitude for our country's welfare makes me forgetful of thy pain. Your journey has caused your wounds to bleed afresh; retire with me, and ISMENA shall attend you.

Od. (With anguish.) My wounds do indeed bleed afresh, and every word you utter pierces my very soul—I have gained no victory.

Ip. Ah! what dost thou say?

Od. (Striking his breast, and averting his head.) I have been defeated.

Ip. Defeated—ODYSSEUS defeated! I understand you; you have retreated before superior force without hazard a battle; well, well, 'twas prudent—we will unite our valorous bands, and then—

Od. You mistake, you mistake me; our camp was—was surprised.

Ip. Surprised!

Od. Yes, yes, was surprised—my troops were cut to pieces, and I and a few more alone escaped: now you know all.

Ip. (Surveys ODYSSEUS for some minutes, then raising his eyes to heaven.) Poor, unhappy countrymen! thy precious lives all sacrificed to one man's carelessness and negligence. Oh, Greece! Greece! how canst thou conquer if thou art false to thyself.

Od. Who dares say I am false to Greece?

Ip. IPSILANTI! The man who, in this time of trouble and of danger, for a moment neglects his charge, and suffers himself to be surprised—that man deserves not to be trusted.

Od. IPSILANTI, you wrong me; I have not deserved this of you.

Ip. In our present state one false step, one slight inadvertence, may prove our everlasting ruin. Thousands of Greeks, whom fear as yet prevents from rising, wait only till we strike some grand decisive blow to own themselves the sons of liberty. Think'st thou their leader's failure will inspire their timid hearts with resistless valor? will the cries of betrayed countrymen, think you, increase their confidence in their leader's energy and courage?

Od. Cease, cease your cruel taunts, lest I forget the respect I owe you as my general. Are then my former years of services to be blotted out by one single impudent act? are all the battles I have gained to be counted nothing? why will you force me to become a boaster? Betrayed I Greece when with five hundred horse I intercepted as many thousand troops hast'ning to Larissa's aid, betrayed I Greece when in Salonica's Gulf the Moslem ships struck to my single flag? Ill will it fare with the cause of Greece if thus her champions are rewarded for daily toil and danger.

Ip. ODYSSEUS, retire—this is no time for the empty war of words; endeavour by your future actions...

Od. My future actions! while Heaven grants me breath I ne'er will draw my sword while you command. Greece has invested thee with sovereign power to conduct the war, but when were you constituted judge? If I have done aught that calls for public censure; if I have been a traitor to my country; by my country's law will I be tried. Heavens! do we fight for liberty? do we strive to throw off the cruel yoke of tyranny? How know we but when we are freed from our present chains others as galling and as heavy may be forged; who knows but IPSILANTI may prove a second MAHMUD.

(IPSILANTI appears agitated and motions ODYSSEUS to retire.)

Od. Bring out thy heaviest chains and lead me to Athens, there will I be judged. A traitor to Greece who sent unransomed captives to our faithless tyrants: 'twas kind, 'twas very kind, to send proud AMURATH

wives, who might console him for his losses—the gold thus lost to Greece you doubtlessly will presently refund from your own private purse.

Ip. Rash youth, forbear—leave me: must I repeat my orders (*pushes him*).

Od. Insolent tyrant (*draws*).

ISMENA rushes in.

Is. What means this noise, ODYSSEUS! wouldst thou attempt thy general's life? (*Od. sheaths his sword*.) Restraine your angry passions both, I beseech you. Is this a time to indulge in hostile feeling 'mongst yourselves while the common enemy requires your undivided care? How will the foe rejoice to hear, that two of our bravest champions have rent the bonds of social amity! IPSILANTI! your breast did never long retain a hostile feeling.

Ip. Forgive me, ODYSSEUS! zeal for my country's welfare has hurried me too far.

Od. (*Seizing his hand*.) 'Tis I must ask forgiveness, noble IPSILANTI. But for this seasonable interference I know not what my intemperate warmth might have led me to commit. I have been wrong, very wrong, but my future actions shall convince you, that nothing on earth can tempt me to be faithless to Greece or IPSILANTI.

Ip. No more my friend. The camp of AMURATH, the Turkish leader, lies but a few miles hence, and soon may we expect to be attacked; let us dispose our little force to the best advantage, and we will shew our hughty tyrants, that the mighty ardour which formerly inspired the heroic Spartan band, now animates the sons of modern Greece. (*Exeunt*.)

SCENE.—*The outside of IPSILANTI's Tent.*

Enter IRENE disguised as a Monk.

Irene. (*Looks around*.) Am I really at the Grecian camp. Nature seems wrapped in a death-like stillness. The sun sinks rapidly behind the western hills, as if ashamed to shine upon the base deed I am about to do. Gracious Prophet! may the cause I am about to serve extenuate the guilt of the means employed—Ah! who comes here? a woman. (*Retires to the back*.)

Enter ISMENA.

Is. While IPSILANTI, wearied with the cares and labours of the day, seeks in repose a short respite from anxiety I'll taste the freshness of the evening's breeze. The sun has sunk, and the moon's mild radiance illuminates a scene where peace seems to have fixed her eternal reign. Ah! how unlike the cruel tyranny which now desolates this land, and renders it the seat of war and violence. Ere yon bright orb shines on this scene again, how many will, bereft of life, lie bleeding on these fields. How many widows will mourn their sad bereavement. O, IPSILANTI! Heaven grant thee victory and life. Hark! did I not hear his voice? (*Re-enter the tent. Irene comes forward.*)

Irene. Holy Prophet! what am I about to do! I knew not IPSILANTI had a wife. Can I cause that misery to her which I myself dread so fearfully? oh, never!—hence, detested weapon (*throws down a poignard*)—let me fly this fearful place. Ah! some one else approaches! O! would I ne'er had come.

(*Enter from opposite side ODYSSEUS, sword drawn.*)

Od. Who goes there. The word.

Irene. LE—LEONIDAS.

Od. Pass on, holy friar,—comest thou from the general's tent?

Irene. I do—good night. (*Exit hastily*)

Od. Farewell, since you are in such haste (*strikes his foot against the poignard*). Ah! what have we here, a dagger? what can this mean? The friar's hasty retreat and hurried manner looked suspicious: here's treachery at work. Either the monk has been suborned to do some bloody deed, or a disguised emissary from the Turks. Heaven send all may be well within; (*listens at the door of the tent*) all is safe. I will pursue the cowardly villain, and dearly shall he pay for this intrusion. (*Exit hastily*)

END OF ACT 1.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MR. LISTON.

"You can play no part but *Pyramus*: for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*."

SHAKSPEARE.

The play is ended, and the audience now,
 With one accord, relax the sombre brow;
 Sorrow no longer "drowns the stage with tears,"
 But laughter marks where *Lubin Log* appears:
 That wealthy cit, contemptible and mean,
 LISTON can make the favourite of the scene;
 The tranquil gravity that spreads a shade
 Upon a face which MOMUS' self hath made,
 Forms such a contrast to his fat, round cheeks,
 That all are laughing e'en before he speaks:
 A grave demeanour robes his smiling looks,
 As "dying speeches," cover merry books;
 Union of all that's comic and sedate,
 A judge's wig upon a monkey's pate.
 Excellent actor! Surely he who can
 View thee unmov'd, is more or less than man:
 Thou hast chalked out a path, which thou alone
 Canst truly fill! 'Tis thine; 'tis all thine own!
 None dare approach that path, for none combine
 Such brilliant genius, with a face like thine.
 It is a treat, all comic treats above,
 To see thee come cross-garter'd to thy love;*
 And hear thee lisp, with fond affected air,
 Thy sighs of rapture to thy "ladye faire."
 As *Slender* too, that gallant, gay deceiver,
 As timorous *Acres*, or the simple *Weaver*,†

* As *Malvolio*. † "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Thou hast no rival. When they're play'd by thee,
 LISTON's forgot, the men themselves we see.
 As Sampson, long may'st thou our fancies tickle,
 As gay Apollo, and old Baillie Nicol;
 As Mr. Mug, as Tag, with scarce a rag on,
 Pompey,* Bombastes, Grizzle, and Moll Flagon.
 And when old age shall drop the curtain down,
 That hides their fav'rite from th' applauding town;
 When all thy days of youth, and whim, are o'er,
 And we must view thy merry face no more;
 When thou hast lost thy present pow'r to please,
 May'st thou recline in affluence and ease;
 And, after all thy wand'rings, calmly rest,
 With public favour, and with friendship, blest.

H. S. V. D.

TWELFTH NIGHT

THEATRICAL CHARACTERS,
 FOR ACTORS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY SAM SAM'S SON.

" *Jul.* In thy opinion which is worthiest?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
 According to my shallow simple skill."

Two Gent. Vero. I. 2

MISS STEPHENS.

" Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment !

Comus.

" There is a melody in every tone
 Would charm the tow'ring eagle in her flight,
 And tame a hungry lion."

Mountaineer, iii. 8

* " *Measure for Measure.*"

MR. WALLACK.

" He doth nothing but frown ; he hears merry tales and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth."

Merch. of Ven. i. 2

MR. FARLEY.

" O gentle son !!
Upon the *heat* and *flame* of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience,"

Hamlet, iii. 4

" Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags ! — Here's a *large mouth*, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains—rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs !"

King John, ii. 2

MR. GRIMALDI.

" You know what fooling is—true fooling ;
The circumstances that belong unto it.
For every idle knave that *shows his teeth*,
Wants and would live,—can *juggle, tumble, fiddle*,
Make a *dog face*—or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash."

Mad Lover, i. 1

" This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well eraves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time :
And, like a haggard, check at ev'ry feather
That comes before his eye."

Twelfth Night, iii. 1

MR. BARNARD.

" Thou art not worth my anger : thou'rt a boy :
A lump of thy father's likeness, made of nothing

But antic clothes and cringes!—Look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes
And rotten smoke!"

Elder Brother, iii. 3

" Sure this fellow has been a rare hare finder,
See how his *eyes are set.*"

Mad Lover, i.

MR. KEAN.

" What a noise his **very name carries!**
'Tis gun enough to fight a nation."

Loyal Subject, i. 3

MR. JONES.

" A light, airy, fantastic, sketch of genteel manners
as they are, with a little endeavour at what they ought
to be.

" Rather entertaining than instructive, not without art,
but sparing in the use of it."

The Heiress, ii. 1

" This fellow was born with a whirligig to his heels."

Country Lasses, ii. 3

MRS. YATES. (MISS BRUNTON.)

" Such charms would fix
Inconstancy itself; her winning virtues,
Even if her beauties fail'd, would soon subdue
The rebel heart, and you would learn to love her."

Earl of Warwick, ii. 1

MRS. WEST.

" The wings on which her soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards:
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness:
But purer spirits, purg'd and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty."

Elder Brother, iii. 3

MRS. GORDON, late Miss MATHEWS.

" Her eye surpasses that resplendent star,
Which first adorns the evening."

Medea, i. 1

MISS FOOTE.

" Oh! admirable face!
I am struck dumb with wonder :
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here."

Spanish Curate, iv. 2

" She is indeed a gem,
Fit to adorn the brightest crown : to see
Is to admire her—trust me, England's self,
The seat of beauty and the throne of love,
Boasts not a fairer."

Earl of Warwick, ii. 2

MRS. MARDYN.

" Can such beauty be
Safe in its own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze.
Fairest and whitest—may I crave to know
The reason of your retirement?"

Faithful Shepherdess, i. 1

MRS. H. JOHNSTON.

" Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand'ring seaman thro' the deep ;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain :—and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full freighted bags of our fair flocks :
Your hair more beauteous than those changing locks
Of young Apollo."

Faithful Shepherdess, i. 1

MRS. DAVENPORT.

" Be witty when you can ; sarcastic you must be, in
spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You

are honest:—you are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.”

Road to Ruin, i, 3

MR. YOUNG.

“ His face is noble.
How pale he looks! Yet how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams around! How manly his face shews!
He is made most handsomely.”

Spanish Curate, ii, 4

MISS CAREW.

“ Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.”

All's Well that Ends Well, iv, 2

MADAME VESTRIS.

“ Ten thousand, thousand Cupids play in every ringlet of her hair; millions of little loves wanton in her eyes; myriads of graces sip nectar from her lips; infinite, nameless, bewitching beauties revel in every feature of her transporting face. 'Tis extreme pleasure to see her, 'tis rapture to hear: when she smiles I am in ecstacy.”

Country Lasses, i, 2

MR. LISTON, as *Dominie Sampson*.

“ How now! what *solemn* piece of *formality*, what man of wires is this—that moves towards us?—he *stirs by clock-work*, like St. Dunstan's giants:—he prepares to open his mouth as if he could not speak without an order of court.”

Country Lasses, iv, 3

MRS. HARLOWE. *"What an easy robe is scorn to wear! 'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow, To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up The passionless and placid orb within."* Fazio, II, 2

MISS MACAULAY.

"Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty: But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee, We should contemn thee for a wild mad woman, Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies." Fazio, III, 2

MR. NOBLE.

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether, — my very walk should be a jig." Twelfth Night, I, 4

MR. TERRY.

"Canst thou quake, and change thy colour? Murder thy breath in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror." Richard the Third, III, 5

"TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJUROR."**MR. DRAMA,**

The farce of "*'Twould puzzle a Conjuror*," which was lately performed at the Haymarket Theatre, is no other than the same "*Czar Peter, or the Burgomaster of Saardam*," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, about four or five years since, where it lingered through half a dozen nights. I have a perfect

recollection of the piece from the circumstance of the first scene (the Dock-yard, with ships in the distance) being so beautifully painted; it was, I think, without exception, the finest scene of the kind I ever saw. Mr. ABBOTT performed the *Czar*, LISTON the *Burgomaster*, Miss FOOTE, *Bertha*, and FAWCETT, the *Deserter*.

It has evidently been revived to give LISTON an opportunity of shewing off his comical face for the benefit of the "Treasury," and not for the gratification of the public, as the piece itself is devoid of all the interest necessary to make it attractive.

It is also evident the manager knew that he was foisting a rejected bantling on the town, by the far-fetched title which it bears on its revival; the new title being derived from the solitary circumstance of the *Burgomaster*'s exclamation, when he could not distinguish the *Czar* from the *Deserter*.—However, the bait took, the public paid to see it, money tumbled into the Treasury, and the "bubble" ended.

By the above I merely wish to shew the quackery of our theatrical managers, and I therefore trust you will allow a niche in your pages for these remarks.

Walworth, *I am, &c.*
6th Nov. 1824. *W.S.P.*

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. IX.

1.—PENKETHMAN, of facetious memory, opened a new theatre at Richmond, June 6, 1719, and spoke a humorous prologue on the occasion, alluding to the place having been formerly a hovel for asses! This theatre was probably the same that stood on the declivity of the hill, and was opened in the year 1756, by THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who, to avoid the penalties of the Act of Parliament

against unlicensed comedians, advertised it as a Cephalic Snuff Warehouse! The *General Advertiser*, July 8, 1756, thus announces it:—"CIBBER and Co. Snuff Merchants, sell at their Warehouse at Richmond Hill, most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities, (in an evening particularly,) will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill humours, dispel the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding. Mr. CIBBER has also opened at the aforesaid warehouse (late called the Theatre) on the Hill, an histrionic academy, for the instruction of young persons of genius in the Art of Acting; and proposes, for the better improvement of such pupils, and frequently with his assistance, to give public rehearsals, without hire, gain, or reward.

2.—In the reigns of ELIZABETH and JAMES, plays were repeatedly performed before them at the Court, on Sunday evenings.

3.—The part of *Old Dornton*, in the comedy of "The Road to Ruin," was originally written by HOLCROFT for QUICK, at that time in the zenith of his popularity; and, during the early rehearsals of the play, QUICK studied and performed the character. The part of *Silky* was written for MUNDEN, whose popularity was then rapidly increasing. In the progress of the rehearsal, QUICK became dissatisfied with his character, and positively refused to act in the play, unless MUNDEN, who had most assiduously studied *Silky*, gave that character up to QUICK, and consented to play *Old Dornton* himself: after much entreaty, MUNDEN consented to the exchange. The original *Silky* was DICK WILSON, GEORGE HOLMAN played *Harry Dornton*, and LEWIS was the original *Goldfinch*.

4.—In the early part of GARRICK's career at Drury Lane Theatre, a tragedy was produced, in which the

Roscius sustained the character of a king. Though there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play, it met with no opposition till the fifth act, when GARRICK, as the dying monarch, divided his empire between his two sons, in the following line:

“Jointly twixt you my crown I do bequeath.”

When a quaint man, getting up in the pit, rejoined,

“Then gods! they’ve just got half a crown apiece.”

This threw the whole house into such a comic convulsion, that not another word of the tragedy was uttered on the stage.

5.—Green Room Marriages.

In 1792, the Earl of DERBY married the beautiful Miss FARREN; and, as his lordship was acknowledged to be a great connoisseur in domestic pleasures, his conduct had a potent influence upon the gay fluttering butterflies of the period. Shortly afterwards, Lord THURLOW eloped with Miss BOLTON; but, as the Muses had previously eloped with him, the world did not marvel greatly at the circumstance. When the Marquis of C——, however, made a matrimonial prize of Miss B——, the example spread like wildfire, more especially as neither of these noblemen seemed ill contented with their bargains, nor were briefs sent to Counsel learned in the law. Immediately the accomplished Earl of CARDIGAN ran off to Ireland with “*Letitia Hardy*,” and was soon after followed by Mr. BECHER, who, in the charming Miss O’NEILL, possessed as many heroines as there are days in the year. Next Mr. HUGHES BALL deprived the Opera House of one of its nimblest figurantes; and, to crown the joke, Lord WILLIAM LENNOX was challenged into an alliance with Miss PATON. How Mr. HAYNE is to be treated (with respect to his affair with Miss FOOTE,) is left with Chief Justice ABBOTT and Colonel BERKELEY. All these apparently ill-assorted marriages are clearly attributable to the chameleon characters of the females, and to the

epicurian feelings of the males. An actress unites in her single person a perfect seraglio of beauty. In whatever mood you may chance to be, she is always at hand to gratify it.

6.—Mr. SHERIDAN died July 7th, 1816, aged 55 years; but the man who engraved the plate for his coffin, knowing that 50 was 50, concluded that 505 would express 55, which was really engraved.

7.—The following is a copy of the bill which announced GARRICK's first appearance in London :

" Goodman's Fields, Oct. 19th, 1741.

" At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day, will be performed a concert of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts; tickets at 3, 2, and 1 shilling. Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the theatre.—N. B. Between the two parts of the concert will be presented an historical play, called "*The Life and Death of King Richard III.*"; containing the distresses of *King Henry IV.*; the artful acquisition of the crown by *King Richard*; the murder of young *King Edward V.* and his brother in the Tower; the landing of the *Earl of Richmond*, and the death of *King Richard* in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster; with other true historical passages. The part of *King Richard* by a Gentleman* (who never appeared on any stage†); *King Henry*,

* Mr. GARRICK.

† It would appear, the Managers of the Goodman's Fields Theatre announced GARRICK's appearance at their house as his first on any stage, when he had left the Ipswich company but a few days previous to his coming to London. The practice it seems had been handed down from the managers of old to the present race, as in the case of Miss BEAUMONT at Covent

Mr. GIFFARD; *Richmond*, Mr. MARSHALL; *Prince Edward*, Miss HIPPESLEY; *Duke of York*, Miss NAYLOR, &c. &c. With an entertainment of dancing, &c. To which will be added, a ballad opera, in one act, called "*The Virgin Unmasked*" Both of which will be performed by persons, *gratis*,* for diversion. The concert to begin at six o'clock exactly."

Walworth,
9th Dec. 1824.

W. S. P.

FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO.

MR. DRAMA,

In a preceding number an inquiry was made after "*FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO*." He was a Portuguese, and travelled into Asia, upon which place he wrote a book. *DIBDIN* says, "yet time has caused the truth to be filtered through the supposed falsehood of his text; and, bating some exceptions, (rather in the shape of exaggeration than studied fiction) *PINTO* may be acknowledged among the most valuable as well as early of the explorers of the Southern Coasts of Asia. The *précis* of his exploits, by Mr. MURRAY, is really a piece of witchery to peruse.

"The earliest edition of the "*Peregrinaçam*" of *MENDEZ PINTO*, in the original Portuguese language, is that of Madrid, 1614, folio: and if a very fine copy

Garden Theatre, who was stated to make her first appearance on any stage in the character of *Red Riding Hood*; when it was well known she had been performing at most of the London Minor Theatres.

* The company in Goodman's Fields, presented plays to their audience *gratis*, charging them only for the concerts, so as to evade being sent to prison as rogues and vagabonds for acting without a licence.

of the Valencia reprint in 1645, folio, produced the sum of £3 13s. at the sale of the STANLEY library, we may suppose the parent text to be worth £5 5s." By this the reader will perceive PINTO with all his lies is worth some money.

Yours, &c.

Nov. 19, 1824.

PETER TOMKINS.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Nov. 26.—Der Freischütz—Family Fete—Peeping Tom.

27.—*As you like it*—Revolt of the Greeks.

As you like it was performed this evening for the first time these many years at this theatre. On this occasion Mr. WALLACK sustained the part of *Orlando*, but we cannot say with much success, indeed he was any thing but SHAKSPEARE's *Orlando*: it was a tame, lifeless performance. Mr. W. is a very respectable actor, but if he do not use every exertion he must never expect to be eminent in his profession. Mr. MACREADY's *Jacques* is well known: it is a surprising performance, considering the character as being out of his peculiar line. The delivery of the "seven ages" was listened to with breathless silence—a silence enough to appal any less accomplished performer—and was received at the close with loud and long continued applause: it was certainly the best hit of the evening. Most actors have spoiled this beautiful speech by overacting it; every one whom we have been accustomed to see in the part, JOHN KEMBLE excepted, have done so: Mr. MACREADY, by playing under, made it much more impressive.

Mr. M. looked the gloomy misanthrope excellently well, and gave the other few speeches with his usual good taste and judgment. It was altogether as fine a delineation of the character as we have witnessed. TERRY made the little part of *Adam* deeply interesting. HARLEY in *Touchstone*, and Mr. KNIGHT in *William* were amusing. Of Mrs. YATES' *Rosalind* we have to speak in the most favourable terms. A little more energy might be thrown into the early scenes, but when she has assumed the attire of a man and wishes *Orlando* to woo her as his *Rosalind*, and the fainting fit when she hears of his accident were admirably acted: we never on any former occasion remember seeing her to more advantage. Miss POVY sang a pretty song, composed by HORN, very prettily, and Mrs. ORGER played *Audry* to the life. The rest of the characters were respectably filled. There has been some additional music introduced, but we think not very happily. The hunting glee were, however, very fine; the first,

“What shall he have that kill'd the deer,”
was loudly encored. Most of the other songs, including a duet, either should be omitted or entrusted to abler hands than those of the BEDFORDS.

We are at all times sorry to make any remarks hurtful to the feelings of a performer, but when that performer brings himself under the censure of the critic, we should consider it a dereliction of our duty to pass over his faults in silence: on the present occasion we are more than usually unwilling to mention what has long since appeared to us a fault, because it belongs to an actor who has in his younger days pleased us in no small degree, but now that he is growing old we think it would be but charity to his own feelings and likewise to those of the audience, were he to retire from the stage. We would much rather a performer were the first to discover his own falling off. Mr. POPE, to whom we allude, was at one time a favourite,—it is scarcely necessary to say what he now is, any more than to observe, that in most parts of the comedy, where he was concerned, he was either inaudible or unintelligible.

20.—*Der Freischütz*—*HAFED THE GHEBER* [1st time.]
 The subject of this afterpiece is taken from Moona's exquisite poem of the "Fire Worshippers;" but the dramatist has materially changed the plot of the poet's tale, and has preserved but little of its original beauty and interest; while, for the powerful language of the bard, he has substituted a dialogue of his own, tame and insignificant. Invention, whether in tragedy or in melodrama is the noblest and should be the chief effort of an author who writes for the stage; but when he adopts the story of another, it will be at least expected that he give it a new or more interesting feature. This has not been done by the author of the drama under notice: and those who have perused the beautiful and pathetic tale of the poet cannot but regret that it should be so completely "shorn of its beams." The following is nearly the plot of the piece:—

Hafed the Gheber, (WALLACE) loves the daughter of his determined foe, *Al Hassan*, the Arabian Prince (AUGUST). *Hinda*, (Mrs. WEST), is taken by one of the officers of *Hafed*, and is sent back, unharmed, to the father. The persecuted followers of the *Gheber* are betrayed in their hiding-place by the traitor *Feramorz* (FIRAY), whom the dramatist makes the preserver of *Hinda*, and the rival of *Hafed*. The *Gheber* then, under the name and disguise of the Prince of Circassia, gains admission into the palace of *Al Hassan*, where he is discovered and imprisoned. He subsequently makes his escape, joins his followers and prepares to give battle to his foes. In the conflict that follows the traitor is slain; but as the curtain fell (accidentally) before the termination of the piece, we were unable to ascertain the fates of the other persons of the drama. We presume, however, from appearances, that the dramatist is a greater lover of poetic justice than the poet, and that the conclusion is greatly to the comfort of all parties.

21.—*As you like it*—*Ibid*
 22.—*Ille. I.—Siege of Belgrade*—*Ibid*

It gives us much satisfaction to record the very successful debut of Mr. SARIG, at Drury-lane, this evening. The musical talents of this gentleman have been for

some time past held in very high estimation; his fame preceded him to the profession he has joined, and it devolved upon him less to acquire a new reputation than to sustain his previous one. Hitherto his exertions have been principally confined to musical meetings, oratorios, and concerts. The applauses that crowned his efforts on these occasions induced his friends and admirers to form very high hopes of similar success in the operatic department of the drama. As far as this evening's performance might be taken as a criterion whereby to judge, these favourable anticipations have been justified. The character which Mr. S. selected for his first appearance was the very trying one of the *Seraskier*. The celebrity of Mr. BRAHAM in this his favourite part, rendered it a very venturesome one for a new aspirant to undertake on such an occasion. It abounds in music of an animated and glowing spirit, which imposes great difficulty of execution on its representative. Mr. S. possesses a very prepossessing appearance. His figure is well-formed, and his general deportment manly and engaging. There is a gentleman-like propriety in what he says and does upon the stage, which bespeaks the cultivation of good society; and this, Mr. S. may be assured is not the least valuable of the many qualifications he has brought to his profession. His voice is powerful to a very high degree, yielding indeed in power only to that of BRAHAM: it is of exquisite sweetness, and the modulation of its tones denote that it has been sedulously cultivated. The falsetto of his voice is also sweet and powerful; but he seldom indulges in it, and the compass of his natural tones renders him independent of it. But the point which pleases us most in Mr. S. is the chasteness of his style—his unwillingness to sacrifice musical propriety to meretricious ornament and ostentatious display. Mr. S. was encored in almost all the songs of the *Seraskier*. That in which he pleased us most was his duet with Miss STEPHENS, “*When thy bosom heaves a sigh*.” There could not be a more beautiful blending of middle and fluttering notes—of sweet, powerful, and pathetic sound, “*rising like a steam of rich perfumes upon the air*,”

the tints of the rainbow do not harmonize more delightfully than their voices united in producing an effect which we can only describe as the very perfection of the art. "*Confusion thus defeated*," displayed, in a very high degree, his musical science, which must manifestly have been the result of long preparation and laborious acquirement. We could wish that he had infused somewhat more of sprightliness into the delightful serenading song, "*Lilla come down to me*." As an actor, his pretensions are not inconsiderable; his speaking voice is clear and audible, and his delivery correct and impressive: there is, however, too much exuberance at present in his action, and it is not always easy and flowing: an acquaintance with the business of the stage will soon correct this. Altogether, we do not remember to have witnessed for a long time so deservedly successful a *début*.

Miss STEPHENS made her first appearance for the season this evening. She was welcomed by the cordial greetings of a very numerous audience. We really have exhausted every epithet of eulogy in attempting to speak of her as she deserves. Had we them all now at the tip of our pen we would re-write them all, for we never heard her sing with more delightful and fascinating effect, and there was a fresh buoyancy, archness, and vivacity in her acting, "that was not there before." HARLEY was most agreeably comical; and, together with what the author says, and what he says for him, he made the part a most amusing one.

2.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

3.—*Siege of Belgrade*—*Ibid.*

4.—*As you like it*—*Ibid.*

5.—*King John*—*Ibid.*

7.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

8.—*Siege of Belgrade*—*Ibid.*

9.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

10.—*School for Scandal*—**MY UNCLE GABRIEL** [1st time].

Mr. DOWNE, from York, made his first appearance on the London stage, in the part of *Sir Peter Teazle*. Of this actor's merits or defects we do not at the present

moment wish to speak; and shall merely observe, that if the impression he made this night be not removed the next time he appears, he can never hope to sustain a respectable station on the London boards. Towards the close of the performance the expressions of disapprobation became so loud and frequent that Mr. DOWNE felt himself obliged to address a few words to the audience. He apologised for any errors he might have made in the reading of the play; stated that he was suffering under the effects of a severe cold, and was therefore unable to put forth all his talent. He entreated his auditors therefore to suspend their judgment until another opportunity was offered him of appearing before them. Under these circumstances we defer our observations. The comedy was followed by a new operatic farce. It possesses much humour and spirit, and will certainly be the favourite of a season, notwithstanding that, like most of its brethren, it possesses nothing that is original, and little that is meritorious. The plot contains the story of two lovers and an old guardian, who declares that his ward shall not marry any person whose fortune is not equal to her's, unless he obtain the said guardian's written consent. The lover, *Lieut. Sutton*, (Mr. HORN) therefore, is in despair, until encouraged by his friend *Jack Ready* (Mr. HARLEY), who contrives to introduce himself to the guardian under three different disguises, and to persuade him that *Sutton* has an East Indian uncle with immense wealth, who is just arrived in England, for the purpose of preventing the marriage of his nephew. The guardian is thus induced to sign the agreement for the marriage of his ward, *Eliza* (Miss POVEY), with the Lieutenant. The hoax is then discovered, and the guardian, making a merit of necessity, is satisfied with the result. The characters were all well sustained, and the piece was given out for repetition without a dissenting voice.

11.—*Cabinet*—Ibid.

13.—*King John*—*Family Fete*—Ibid.

14.—*Der Freischütz*—*My Uncle Gabriel*.

15.—*Cabinet*—Ibid.

16.—*Der Freischütz*—Ibid.

17.—*Winter's Tale*—Ibid.

18.—Cabinet—My Uncle Gabriel.
 20.—Macbeth—Family Fete—Miller's Maid.
 21.—Der Freischütz—My Uncle Gabriel.
 22.—Guy Mannering—Ibid.
 23.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
 24. } No Performance.
 25. }

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## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Nov. 26.—A Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

27.—Ibid—Ibid.

28.—Isabella—Ibid.

30.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid.

Dec. 1.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

2.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid.

3.—RAVENNA, or *Italian Love* [1st time]—Ibid.

A new tragedy from the pen of MR. CLARKE, a gentleman educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and well known for his literary attainments, was this evening performed. It may be justly called a free translation from one of the German plays of SCHILLER, which had been previously translated by MR. MONK LEWIS, and published under the title of "*Cabal and Love, or the Minister*. " *Ravenna* in plot, and even in almost every minute incident, is a *fac simile* of the original; in dialogue and sentiment it is often different, but that difference only constitutes a family likeness,

*Qualem deserit esse sorores.*

One character, the *Nurse*, is the only one added to the German *dramatis Personæ*, but as she only appeared in the first scene, little need be said, and, as it was performed by MRS. DAVENPORT, that little must be favourable. Although the moral is vicious and the catastrophe unnatural, the play arrived to a favourable termination,

for the language and the ideas are in many passages extremely fine, and in general poetical; these advantages, added to the excellent performance of the two principal characters by YOUNG and Miss F. H. KELLY, conducted the drama to a favourable conclusion. An old courtier, an artful sycophant, a dandy Count, a distressed gentleman, a royal concubine, a half-cracked lover, and a virtuous girl distractedly in love, have been the common stock of dramatists from the days of *Thespis*, and form the *materiel* of "*Ravenna*." From a combination of such hacknied ingredients we can scarcely hope for novelty of character or incident.

The plot turns on the loves and misfortunes of two of the most luckless of lovers. *Giana*, the heroine, (Miss F. H. KELLY) is the beautiful, the beloved, and dutiful daughter of *Sorana* (BARTLEY)—Although her father is driven by adversity into poverty, she, as is usual in romantic tragedies, is honoured by the addresses of a wealthy and titled lover, in the person of *Count Cesario* (YOUNG), the son of the Prime Minister to the Duke of Milan.—According to custom, the rich old father opposes the romantic inclination of his son towards *Giana*, and preferring for him the thorny path of ambition to the flowery parterre of mutual love, he occasions the misfortunes, and finally the death, of the unhappy pair. In order to prevent his son's marriage with *Giana*, and to further his own selfish views of family aggrandisement, the Minister affiances his son to the kept-mistress of his Prince, the Princess *Camilla* (Miss LACY), who gladly consents to the union. The news of this intended marriage is conveyed through the whole court circle by *Count Gaudentia* (YATES), the dandified exquisite of the play. The marriage, however, is prevented by the son's utter aversion to the Prince's mistress, and by his previous engagement with *Giana*. This unexpected occurrence deranges the minister's plans, and sets him upon new projects. In this dilemma, his faithful minion and satellite, *Bartuccio* (COOPER), happily thinks of an expedient, as old as his profession and as black as his heart, and having obtained the minister's willing assent, he forthwith puts it into execution; not without an eye

however, to his own personal advantages, as he nourishes in secret a hope of ultimately becoming *Giana's* husband. He works upon *Cesario's* jealousy by the following abominable stratagem. He procures the arrest of *Giana's* father, and throws him into prison; and, in an interview with the daughter, he tells her, that nothing can obtain his release but her consent to write a letter according to his dictation. After a painful struggle between her duty to her parents and her affections for her lover, she consents; and the fatal letter is concluded. It is addressed to *Count Gaudentia*, that worthy having been previously enlisted in the scheme; in this letter she appoints an interview with him for the next day, and declares that all her affection for *Cesario* was feigned, and that he alone possessed her affection. This letter is purposely dropped by the *Count* in the way of *Cesario*, whose jealousy is, of course, worked up to a fit of insanity. He seeks an explanation from *Giana*, but as she was previously bound by *Bartuccio*, in a solemn oath, not to reveal the secret of the letter, which was the price of her parent's liberty, no entreaties can tear from her bosom the fatal secret, or obtain a satisfactory explanation. At last, torn with jealousy and believing that his mistress is inconstant, he resolves on the fatal act, for which he had previously prepared himself. Under the pretence that a glass of water would cool his agitated spirits, he requests it to be brought to him, and *Giana*, with anxious solicitude, procures it. On her return he entreats *Sorana* to go to his father on a message, and while *Giana* is gone to light her father from the house, he mixes poison in the glass of water. On her return he drinks, and also causes her to drink of the fatal beverage, without telling her of its baneful effect. As soon as he informs *Giana* that she has swallowed poison, and is on the point of death, she determines to break the mysterious silence to which her oath had bound her. She then reveals to him the nature of her oath, and the circumstances that attended the fatal letter, which was written at the instigation of his father, and to save her own. By this time the poison is performing its mortal duty on

the stronger frame of *Cesario*, and after he has slain the villain *Bartuccio*, who seems to arrive expressly for the purpose ; the Minister and *Sorana* enter to hear the last words, and to see the mournful catastrophe of their unfortunate children.

Thus we see, in the characters of *Ravenna* and *Sorana*, though vice and virtue are alike miserable in the death of their children, they are not equally sustained with consolation. The vicious *Ravenna*, guilty of all the meanness of " low ambition," who had murdered his predecessor and caused the death of his own son, is left in full possession of all his riches and power, and is deprived only of that son whom he little valued : while the virtuous *Sorana* is left in his poverty to bemoan the loss of what was dearer to him than life.

The characters were in general ably performed, and this must have been the universal opinion of a very numerous audience, for not a symptom of disapprobation was manifested throughout the whole performance. A prologue was very well delivered by Mr. COOPER, and favourably received. The epilogue, which possessed a considerable fund of amusement, was recited by Mr. YATES, amidst much applause ; and the passage that reflected on the want of unanimity among the theatrical critics, created excessive mirth, and perhaps very deservedly. YOUNG acted *Cesario* with much ability, but we do not think the character particularly suited to his genius ; we think it more appropriate to C. KEMBLE. YOUNG, however, exerted himself much, and with considerable effect. COOPER, BARTLEY, and YATES, sustained their parts with their usual talent, and made as much of their characters as they were susceptible of. Miss F. H. KELLY, in the character of *Giana*, particularly distinguished herself for a chasteness, purity, and elegance of action and expression, peculiarly her own. Her performance was very remarkably free from the slightest tincture of Macreadyism, with which she has been maliciously maligned. It is a subject of much regret among the impartial admirers of the legitimate drama that this young lady should not be allowed to

perform oftener, and in the highest walk of tragedy for which she is eminently qualified; why is she to be a theatrical flower

“ ——that's born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air?”

Miss LACEY performed with considerable credit to herself; but unless she can correct the peculiar noise which she makes in drawing her breath, which it is much easier to hear than describe, and unless she becomes more solicitous to acquire the approbation of the pit than of the galleries, she can never hope to rise any higher in her profession. At the final dropping of the curtain some partial disapprobation was manifested, but the applause was greatly predominant. The piece has, however, had but a short existence; for having been afterwards performed to empty benches, the manager has laid it aside altogether.

4.—Ibid—Ibid.

6.—Ibid—Forest of Bondy.

7.—Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

8.—Venice Preserved—Blind Boy.

9.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

10.—As you like it—Tale of Mystery.

11.—Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

13.—King John—Forty Thieves.

14.—Woman never Vext—Barber of Seville.

15.—Cabinet—Duel.

Mr. SINCLAIR appeared in the Opera for the first time this season. He seems to have paid a great deal of attention to the acting part of this character, and is consequently considerably improved in it since we saw him last. He was also in very good voice, giving his songs with much effect. He introduced “ *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,*” from the Irish Melodies, which he sang particularly well, but we wish he would not substitute words of his own for the exquisite language of the poet, which he did in this melody in two or three instances. He was loudly applauded on his entrance, and he appears to be an established favourite. Miss PATON was exceedingly lively and happy

as *Floretta*. Her execution of the celebrated *Polaress* was exquisite, and called down an unanimous *encore*.

DURUSET assumed the character of *Whimsicula*, of which our old favourite, FAWCETT, was the original, and which he has always, till last night, continued to appropriate at Covent-garden. If he has entirely relinquished it, we are glad he has found so good a substitute in DURUSET, as he infused into the character all the mirth, vivacity, and impudence of which it is capable. RAYNER was very good in *Peter*; it is a part in which there is very little to do, but his merit consisted in doing that little well. On the whole, the opera went off very well; but notwithstanding that it is one of the best-cast pieces performed at Covent Garden, still we do not think that the Managers will find it advisable to repeat it, as, judging from the appearance of the house, it will not add much to their treasury. In fact, the opera has nothing of an interesting character about it, and the sooner it is laid aside the better. We regretted this evening to see so much good acting bestowed on so insignificant a piece.

16.—*Der Freischütz*—Clari.

17.—*As you like it*—Animal Magnetism.

18.—*A Woman never Vext*.

20.—*Fair Penitent*—Miller and his Men.

21.—*A Woman never Vext*—Barber of Seville.

22.—*Der Freischütz*—Clari.

23.—*Native Land*—Charles Second.

24. } 25. } No Performance.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Oct. 23.—*Hamlet*—Mayor of Garratt—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

Mr. HAMBLIN, who performed a few years ago in London with considerable *eclat*, made his appearance as *Hamlet*. The distinguished approbation with which he had acquitted himself on his former performance of the

part at Drury Lane determined him no longer to continue in the back-ground; at the same time the front station being wholly pre-occupied by the celebrated Mr. KEAN, he was necessarily shut out from the meditated walks of his ambition, and he therefore resolved no longer "to serve in heaven," but rather to retire to the minor theatrical dominions, in which he might reign, if not without jealousy, at least without any very successful rivalry. We now find him on a sudden heading the Haymarket troops at the close of their summer campaign, and reaping whatever laurels can be gathered before their return to winter quarters. The incessant and stunning plaudits with which he was received, served to shew that he has already paved his way to popularity. His performance justified these plaudits, and Mr. HAMB-LIN may well receive them as an earnest of his future fame; we say of his *future* fame, because we trust that he has too much good sense to receive them as a proof that the garland is already before him, and that he has nothing farther to do than to bind it round his brow. Our space will not permit us to enter at great length into a critical examination of his performance:

In the earlier scenes, the want of flexibility, which is the great defect of his voice, took from the dialogue much of its interest and much of its effect. His lungs are strong, but his *middle-tones* are not clear; he pitches them too low at first, and without taking the scope of modulation which his having so done would command, he continues on the same grave note to the end. He must forswear this habit. During the two first scenes he is much too boisterous, and fails, consequently, in displaying that refinement of mind which enters into the character of *Hamlet* as pourtrayed by the immortal poet. He is meant to be represented as swayed by the warmth of his temperament, but rarely carried away by it, and never without a deep sting of self-reproach. His better feelings are always uppermost when not subdued by those of revenge towards the *King of Denmark*, whom he suspects of having intercepted his birth-right by the treacherous murder of his father. An incessant vehemence of action and utterance is not consistent with his

character. So far, therefore, as this displays itself to excess, the character of *Hamlet* is misconceived. A man of strong and ardent mind, rocked in the cradle of affluence, and who has never been accustomed to subject his passions to the control of his reason, and in whom the good and bad of his disposition unfold themselves according as events occur to call either into action, such a man will at times differ as much from himself as he will from any other individual. SHAKSPEARE, who knew human nature thoroughly, has exemplified this in the character of *Hamlet*. Several passages which were intended as sentimental musings, Mr. HAMBLIN gives vehemently, and with his blood at the boiling point. *Hamlet's* indiguation, though strongly roused at intervals, is quickly subdued in the struggle with his moral feeling. Mr. H. gives his vehemence no time to cool. His soliloquy at the conclusion of the second act is faulty in this respect; it approaches too near to ranting, which is never natural, and always displeases. There is too much of this in his scene with *Ophelia* in the third act; it is that painful conflict with his feelings which the *Hamlet* of SHAKSPEARE exhibits under all his counterfeited madness, but the ravings of a man bursting with passion, and half-stifled with rage,—the *Hamlet* not of the poet but of the stage. The scene in the Queen's closet is admirable throughout. In this scene Mr. HAMBLIN need fear no competitor. In the height of his indignant interview with the Queen he never once forgets that she is his mother. When he makes a pass through the arras, and is asked by the Queen

“ What hast thou done?”

His answer

“ Nay, I know not—  
Is it the King?”

deservedly drew down a thunder of applause. The bitter scornfulness with which he contrasts the two pictures of his uncle, (her present husband,) and his father, the first partner of her bed, and the anguish of heart which he excites in the Queen, and with which he is himself overcome, evinced powers of acting sufficient to

rank him with the very first class of his profession. The whole scene was true to nature, the workings of his mind were not once overstrained; it was a representation that in many parts of it could not be surpassed. The house which was crowded testified their admiration by bursts of applause that were continued long after the fall of the curtain.

25.—Hypocrite—Hide and Seek—Simpson and Co.  
26.—Hamlet—Ibid—Devil to Pay.  
27.—Rob Roy—Prize.  
28.—Hypocrite—Hide and Seek—Turn Out.  
29.—Sweethearts and Wives—Turn Out—Peter Fin.  
30.—School for Scandal—'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror—Prize.

Nov. 1.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

2.—Rivals—*Beggar's Opera*.

The novelties in the comedy this evening were Mr. and Mrs. HAMBLIN's *Faulkland* and *Julia*. They both acquitted themselves well, although, if we were disposed to cavil, we should say that *Faulkland* was almost too sententious for the jealous and fault-seeking lover. Mrs. WINDSOR's *Malaprop* was very fair, and she delivered her cacography with becoming point. We ought not to forget Mr. VINING; we consider his *Captain Absolute* as inferior only to CHARLES KEMBLE's; he was most happy in his feigned submission to *Sir Anthony*, when the choice of a wife was on the tapis. In the "*Beggar's Opera*" we were introduced to Mr. MELROSE, as *Captain Macheath*; and we must say, that we have no desire to see him repeat the character; he looks it very well, but he wants both spirit and vivacity to give it effect. A young lady from Bath, Miss GEORGE, appeared as *Polly*, and gave the exquisite air allotted to her in very good style. Her voice is peculiarly sweet, and her execution of "*Cease your fanning*" was admirable. Her acting is capable of much improvement, as also her enunciation in dialogue, as she speaks much too rapidly. DOWTON was *Lockit*, and WILLIAMS *Peachum*: the quarrel scene was very well done, and it has derived considerable interest from its recent elucidation. Mrs. C. JONES is one of the best

scolds we ever saw; we may say that she is inimitable. The house was tolerably well filled. We were surprised that it was not crowded, considering the treat that was offered.

3.—Turn Out—Sweethearts and Wives—Beggar's Opera.

4.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

5.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Family Jars—No Song no Supper.

6.—Town and Country—Sweethearts and Wives.

8.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

9.—She Stoops to Conquer—'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror—Mayor of Garrat.

10.—Beggar's Opera—Rivals—Simpson and Co.

11.—Hypocrite—Sylvester Daggerwood—Agreeable Surprise.

12.—Ibid—Marriage of Figaro.

13.—Teasing made Easy—Love in a Village—Fortune's Frolic.

15.—Rosina—Every one has his Fault—Turn Out.

The theatre closed this evening after a season unusually protracted into the winter months. The following address was delivered by Mr. TERRY:—

“ **LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**,—I have the honour of appearing before you, to announce that the performances of this evening terminate the present season of the Haymarket Theatre; and to convey to you, from the Proprietors, their grateful acknowledgments of the approbation and indulgence with which you have received, and the extraordinary share of patronage with which you have rewarded, their unceasing efforts to contribute to your amusement.

“ **Ladies and Gentlemen**,—It has been noticed that several of your established favourites were presented to you at not quite so early a period of the present season as you had been led to expect. The Proprietors beg to declare, that the delay was caused by the sudden overthrow of an arrangement with the Winter Theatre (upon the faith of which the Proprietors of this Theatre had entered into many weighty engagements) at a time when it was impossible for them to supply the temporary

deficiencies thus occasioned: and to prove that it was owing to no want of industry on their parts—to no considerations of expense, they most respectfully beg leave to plead their continued efforts, in the enlistment of new forces, to maintain, to the last, the strength of their Company.

"It is the intention of the Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, to recommence the performances at this Theatre as soon as it may please his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain to grant them his licence. Their stage being of somewhat small dimensions, and their theatre totally unprovided with stables, they cannot venture to promise you either a procession, a troop of horse, or a herd of elephants; and hitherto they have been unsuccessful in their efforts to discover a cabinet of monkeys, or a set of dancing dogs, altogether deserving the honour of appearing before an enlightened British audience. Yet while they express their fears that they must, therefore, continue to restrict themselves to the representation of the legitimate drama merely, they are not without a hope that their strenuous endeavours to provide for your amusement, by the production of fair dramatic novelty, and the engagement of the best *biped* performers,—mere men and women—they can procure, will ensure them the honourable reward of your patronage and support through a protracted season.

"For myself and the rest of the performers, I return you our grateful thanks, for your kind indulgence towards us.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, for the present season, we all of us, most respectfully, take our leave."

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

That pleasing burletta, "*Rochester*," has been revived with much success.—*VINING* plays the hero, and, although it is not so perfect a piece of acting as that of the original representative, (*ELLISTON*) yet his personation was marked with considerable ability, and many of the most difficult points were given in a masterly manner.

NORMAN's *Charles* was very tame, we could not for a moment conceive him the "merry monarch." The *Duke of Buckingham* was sustained by HASTINGS, very respectably. E. VINING, from Brighton, made his first appearance, as *Dunstable*, and sung in a pleasing manner: his acting is not much above mediocrity. Of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's *Muddle*, we have to speak in terms of the highest praise—it was a rich piece of comic acting, and we congratulate him upon the approbation which he met with. LAWRENCE imparted considerable humour to the miser, *Starvenouse*. Miss P. GLOVER was the *Countess of Lovelaugh*, and throughout the whole of this difficult character, played with uncommon spirit and effect. Miss STUART is a clever actress; she played *Bell*, the barmaid, excellently. Mrs. ROWBOTHAM, a very pretty woman, possesses most engaging as well as most useful talent; her acting is lady-like and unaffected, and she sings with considerable melody and sweetness.

Nov. 8th. "Perouss."—The scenery of this piece is beautiful, and does great credit to the artists employed. *Kanko* was powerfully performed by Vining.—In "The *Midnight Hour*" Mr. BUCKINGHAM, as *Nicholas*, occasioned incessant laughter. Miss MANSELL, late of the *Surrey*, was an interesting *Julia*, and Miss STUART played *Hora*, very cleverly.

Nov. 15th. We witnessed the representation of Sir R. HOWARD's farce of "The Committee," which may be considered an injudicious revival on account of the excellence with which it was played under the management of Mr. POWER. The principal motive, however, for its performance, was to introduce Mr. BRYANT in the character of *Teague*, and it is but justice to that gentleman to state that he sustained it with very humorous effect; his songs in particular were much and deservedly applauded. LAWRENCE rendered *Obadiah* extremely diverting. BUCKINGHAM was an excellent *Abel Day*; he pourtrayed all the peculiarities of the character in a skilful style—his love scene was irresistible, and his song of "The Blue-tailed Fly," unanimously encored. Miss MANSELL and Miss STUART, as *Arabella* and *Ruth*, acted with spirit. The rest of the characters were very poorly done.

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